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GOD GLORIFIED IN HIS SERVANTS.

A

DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE AND LABORS

OF THE

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.,

*Specially as a Translator of the Holy Scriptures.*

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE

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BY RUFUS BABCOCK.

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1851.

## CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA OF DR JUDSON.

ADONIRAM JUDSON was born at Malden, Massachusetts, 9th August, 1788. Graduated at Brown University 1807, and at Andover Theological Seminary 1810. Visited England with reference to missionary engagements early in 1811, and in September of that year was accepted as a missionary, by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Married to Miss Ann Hasseltine, of Bradford, Massachusetts, 5th February, 1812. Ordained at Salem, Massachusetts, the following day, and thence sailed for Calcutta on the 19th of that month. Arrived 18th June.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were baptized on a profession of their faith in Calcutta, September, 1812. Sailed for the Isle of France in December. Thence, via Madras, they reached Rangoon in July, 1813. The first baptism in the Burman Empire was by the hands of Dr. Judson, 27th June, 1819. In the years 1824-'25-'26, a gricvous imprisonment of more than twenty months was experienced by him. The 24th of October, 1826, Mrs. Ann H. Judson died at Amherst, in British Burmah.

The printing of the first New Testament in Burmesc was completed in 1832. The translation of the *entire Bible* into Burmesc was completed by Dr. Judson, 31st Jan., 1834.

In April of the same year, he was married to Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, at Tavoy. She died, on her way to America, at St. Helena, and was buried there, September, 1845. Mr. Judson, with three motherless children, arrived at Boston in October.

Married to Miss Emily Chubbuck, June, 1846; sailed for Burmah in July, and arrived in December. In April, 1850, he embarked for the Isle of Bourbon for his health, and died the 12th of that month. Buried at sea, lat. 13° North, long. 93° East.

## COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE.

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GAL. I. 24:

"THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME."

NOBLE was the sentiment, and intrepid its utterance by Massillon, at the funeral of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., whose remains had been carried into the royal chapel thronged with the princes and nobility of France; the sound of the dirge had ceased; the orator arose amid all the pageantry of the funeral obsequies, and stretching forth his hand to the confined dust, he lifted his eyes to heaven and exclaimed:

"GOD ONLY IS GREAT."

God only is essentially great; and man's greatness will be found to bear a very exact proportion to his relation to God. Man is great in goodness, as he assimilates to the Divine image, is filled with God, and delights in doing or suffering His will: great in evil, as he opposes God and seeks a fearful remove from Him. It is our relation to God then, in a peculiar, emphatic and most comprehensive sense, which marks the greatness of any of our race. Meeting this evening to commemorate one who was great in goodness, and good in greatness, let us, as his humility would dictate, ascribe to the true, the Divine source, the excellences which in him were developed. God's special high en-

dowment, the position awarded by a mysterious, wonder-working Providence, and specially the renovating, sanctifying, restraining grace of God, made ADONIRAM JUDSON what we may well delight to contemplate,—what millions in this and other lands now admire, and what will be regarded in both hemispheres with livelier and more absorbing interest for generations to come.

With a reverent, grateful, and self-oblivious spirit, let it be ours so to bear the torch-light of truth in these investigations, as shall most clearly indicate the divine revealings, so that we may glorify God in His servant.

It cannot be needful to retrace, on this occasion, the minute outlines of his eventful life. Familiar as household words, in all our more intelligent circles, are those leading, prominent incidents, which interlink the boundaries of his earthly course. Enough of these will spring up spontaneously in our pathway to illustrate his endowment, his position, and the achievements which by the grace of God he wrought.

In such a view as it is now proposed to take, the formal distinctions between nature, providence and grace are unnecessary; for all these are only the different spheres in which God works, and in reality they are interfused with each other. What we call nature, when predicated of the endowment of a morally accountable being, has no little of the prescience and grace of the Almighty. His providence also is interpenetrated with grace, so that in whatever direction we turn our eyes, the devout contemplation is filled with the view of Him who worketh all in all.

In the allotments of our heavenly Father's wisdom, Adoniram Judson had his birth and parental training in that wide-embracing link of the social sphere, the family of a New England minister in parochial charge. This is a somewhat anomalous position; one which is well understood to give conventional equality, both with the highest and the humblest classes, in a society where invidious distinctions of this kind the least prevail. This was not

without its advantages to the subject of this sketch. It gave him "ample space and verge enough" for the full development of all his powers. A vain, weak, precocious mind would be specially liable to injury from such a position; but to one of the opposite character, it would be likely to minister certain advantages, in giving earlier, freer scope and exercise to powers which in less favorable situations might long have remained dormant.

Forty or fifty years since it was more common than at present for the minister's children, the sons more particularly, in some way to have secured for them the advantages of a liberal education; especially if parental partiality could discover in them (and nothing is easier or more natural) the germs of future eminence. This would prove either a blessing or a curse, both to the child and to the world, according as the judgment was correct or otherwise. Whatever incidental benefits may have resulted from it, no careful observer can question that it has been far from an unmixed good. These sons of Levi, one or more of them from a family, have been assigned to the clerical office, more out of regard to their parentage than to their talents or their graces, in many instances to the no small detriment of the cause of religion, and even to the sad disadvantage of the individual himself whom this allotment has placed in a false position.

There is another aspect of this matter, however, which indicates its advantages less alloyed. The *home influence*, which is ever the earliest and the most powerful, was likely in such a family to give prominence to intellectual and moral worth, when weighed against mere material acquisitions. Whatever may have been the imperfections and the besetting sins of the ministry of our Puritan fathers, worldly-mindedness, seeking to secure wealth, has not been generally predominant. Nor is it easy to say how much all the tinge and shape of the future life have in numerous instances been given by these early impressions. Had young Judson passed the first dozen years of life beneath the roof of some decent, shrewd worldling, whose

very soul was pervaded by the hallucination that gain is godliness, or the chief good, who can calculate the divergence of his orbit from the one in which he has moved? The intensity and concentration of his forces, accompanied with keen, far-reaching discernment, might then have secured him a place among the millionaires of the commercial world. He might thus have vied with the Grays, the Girards, the Astors of our land. Or, had the kindlings of his early genius been fanned by the breath of political fame, his was a power adequate to scale its loftiest pinnacle. Had martial renown beckoned him to the field of her antagonism, to win a warrior's glory, the quickness, vigor, and indomitable perseverance of his nature would have made him the peer of the great captains of the age.

Other and happier inspirations imbued his childhood. The star most in the ascendant, through all this forming period of his life, would probably be intellectual eminence. For the days of chivalry had then passed. Monkish austerities, the incense-burning and genuflexions, the rosaries and crucifixes, the cowls and palliums of mediæval days, never had the prestige of honorable renown among our Pilgrim sires. Protestantism was then and there working out its legitimate results of an intense mental excitement. The minister's family, with all its associations, was the very place where this power was most certain to manifest itself. And in perfect harmony with this view, was the early intellectual distinction of Judson.

How much natural scenery, together with the associations of the spot where the Pilgrims first settled, nearly two hundred years before, may also have contributed to form high, noble, romantic purposes in his youthful mind, it is not easy fully to estimate. Some of us know that forty years afterward, when Judson came back to his native land, and sat down in the home of his childhood, he fixed himself at a favorite window overlooking the harbor and the lighthouse of Plymouth. After gazing on these objects for a long time, with absorbing interest and

manifest emotion, he exclaimed: "This is the most natural scene I have looked on in all America."

While he was a little boy, scarcely higher than the table, the preceptor of his preparatory course of studies has assured me, that never did he witness with such joy, pride, wonder, the attainments of any other pupil. Impartial fidelity seems also to require the admission, that the usual infelicity of early intellectual eminence was distinctly noticeable in his youthful years. He entered the University with a somewhat overweening complacency in his own powers; with a conviction, which his whole collegiate course indeed justified, that if he willed it, the highest academic honors were within his reach; that if he chose, all his competitors could easily be distanced.

With such powers, and such increment to the intensity of their action by surrounding influences, heaping on fuel to the flames of an already scorching excitement, how great would have been his mercy to have fallen into the hands of instructors wise to discern the idiosyncrasy of his case, kind, faithful, capable, to undeceive the too sanguine and self-complacent estimate which he was coming habitually to place upon his own capacity. Let it not be forgotten that his college days were in the very height of the wild-fire delusion of infidelity, spread abroad by the French Revolution, the atheism of which had so widely permeated our own land, nor left even the institutions of learning, presided over though they were, in most instances, by the ministers of religion, unscathed by its blighting power. It was but a little earlier that President Dwight in Yale College had throttled the monster, theoretical and practical skepticism, and turned the tide in that noble institution, which for a time seemed about to be deluged by the vainglorious contemners of divine revelation. How priceless would have been the value of just such influences, in his college course, on the subject of our present consideration.

As it was, he left the halls of the University, bearing its highest honors, and bearing too a proud and almost contemptuous under-

valuing of the gospel's power to humble, to purify, and thus permanently to exalt the human soul. Nor did the period of intermediate employment as an instructor of youth essentially modify his skeptical views, or seem to prepare the way for his future career. But the time of God's special and merciful interposition was now approaching. He was setting forth on a proposed Southern tour, or for a permanent residence there, perhaps to human appearances as unlikely a subject for the renewing grace of God as was Saul on his way to Damascus. But the Lord, whom he knew not and sought not, verified the marvellous sovereignty and condescension of His own promise: "I am found of them that sought me not."

Deeply interesting as would be the full development of that *great change* which here commenced, we have not room for it, and must await its appearance in the forthcoming biography. Could memory be safely trusted, we might—as from his own lips the casual hints have been heard—give some pencillings of the garnered recollections of that cherished period of his own history, in regard to which he may or may not have left more fully written memorials. How the tenderness of a mother's tearful adieus combined with the recollections of a father's long-undervalued prayers, and both were so plied by the energies of the Holy Spirit, that his infidel fortress began to seem insecure. Then it shook with more ominous violence, foretoking the overthrow and ruin of those whom it had proffered to shelter. When he was fully aroused to examine its foundation, deemed so impregnable, they seem enshrouded in mist. He grasps for the pillars of support, but shadowy phantoms only mock his hope. Young man! thy father's prayer at that morning hour of parting, the silent tokens of thy mother's holy yearnings of soul, return upon thee, meanwhile, with mightier and more subduing force. Thou canst not bid them away, till their benevolent embassy is accomplished.

"I will know, will at least seek to know, whether Christ or



Belial have the right to control me," was his mental if not audible resolve.

But habitual, long-cherished infidelity does not readily relax its hold on the unrenewed heart. The Spirit was, as yet, but just opening his eyes. He saw more and more clearly the weakness of that in which he had trusted, while the unsubdued and struggling heart was

"Still of its own delusions weakly fond,  
And from forbidden pleasures loath to part,  
Though shrinking oft beneath correction's keenest smart."

A little increase of mental honesty and impartiality showed him how obvious was the disingenuousness of his course hitherto, in *taking for granted* the falsity of the Christian system, while he *studied*, with enamored fondness and iteration, the vauntings, the sneers, and quibbles of a sciolist infidel malignity, set in array against it. Hence arose the determination to repair this injustice. "I will now treat this subject fairly. If there are valid arguments to prove the Bible true, I will thoroughly know them. And that I may prosecute this investigation under favorable circumstances, I will betake me to the men set apart as guides for the educated in the development of the gospel system and its evidences."

What a neophyte was this, knocking for admission at the portals of the earliest of our Schools of the Prophets! No wonder that the Reverend Doctors who guard the entrance demur on his admission. Will he not poison with these his confessed doubts the minds of weaker youth, whom they are striving to prepare for watchmen on Zion's walls? Will not that eager, untamed spirit, the flashes of whose eye betoken the pent-up fires within, cause them personal disquiet, making their seat more thorny than downy? Who can doubt that God guided their decision? These teachers do not confer with selfish temporizings. Their ease and timid cautiousness are put in abeyance. They know that the foundation on which they are building is of

adamant. They can afford to struggle manfully for the mastery, to win such a trophy for Immanuel, and bring such spoils to their Master's feet.

We may not linger on those scenes of most absorbing interest, upon which angels no doubt looked down with intense concern; where to the human view truth and falsehood, soul-liberty, with the life everlasting, or degradation and the woes of the second death, hung trembling in the scale. God's hand held the balance, and the right prevailed.

Behold him now a new creature! Old things have passed away—all is new. With the chief of earliest apostles to the Gentiles, he cries out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" To him, as to his prototype, it was soon revealed, "Thou art a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before kings and nations; and I will show thee how great things thou must suffer for my name's sake."

To become a missionary to the heathen was, however, a very different matter then from what, in a great degree by his heroic fidelity, it has since become. It is no unworthy or needless episode in this commemorative discourse to consider what influences they were which turned him, among the first, and as many believe decidedly the earliest of our countrymen to the great work of Asiatic Christian missions; and what were the adverse influences with which he had to grapple,—the impediments to remove, the hindrances to shake off,—in order to accept this mission work as the indicated sphere of duty, in which God had called him to engage.

To our minds, in this day, the greater marvel may be, how any disciple acknowledging the supreme authority of the Divine Saviour, and imbued with any share of the benevolence which He illustrated, can fail to feel the force of His last solemn injunction, Go publish the glad tidings to every creature. But as an historical fact, it is well known that a benumbing apathy long rested on the household of faith, and century after century, since

the Protestant Reformation, had passed away with very inconsiderable endeavors (frequently none at all) to carry abroad among heathen nations a knowledge of Christ crucified. The English Baptists, a score of years earlier than the period we are considering, had feebly but nobly commenced the work of modern Protestant missions; and other branches of the Redeemer's followers in the same country had emulated their example, following or outstripping their career.

But up to this time it seems to have been assumed that our young country, pioneering the path of civilization in a rude wilderness, and among wild barbarians, had work more than adequate to task all its energies, in laying the foundations of Christian institutions at home, and in endeavoring to bless the savage Indian with evangelical instruction. Very doubtful is it whether from any of his teachers, or of the venerable pastors most looked up to for counsel and influence, Judson had ever heard the intimation of any possible duty requiring Christian men of this country to cross the ocean in order to evangelize other lands. So far from this was the public sentiment, that it was then and years later very common for such men, even some of the most distinguished of their number, to ridicule the idea of evangelizing those who had not by a precedent civilization become fitted to appreciate and welcome Christianity.

Moreover, the men who gave tone to the sentiments of the community, the learned reviews, the political, literary, and reputedly religious journals of respectability and power, joined their opposition, in no stinted measure or guarded terms, to the feeble attempts then being made to spread the gospel in India.

The oracular *Edinburgh Review*, a little previously to the year we are now considering,\* thus discourses on the motives of the missionaries in India, and the tendency of their labors:—

“Upon this subject they are quite insane and ungovernable: they would deliberately, piously, and conscientiously expose our

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\* In 1808.

whole Eastern empire to destruction, for the sake of converting half-a-dozen Brahmins, who, after stuffing themselves with rum and rice, and borrowing money from the missionaries, would run away and cover the gospel and its professors with every species of impious ridicule and abuse. \* \* \*

“Suppose we were to be driven out of India to-morrow, and to leave behind us twenty thousand converted Hindoos, it is most probable they would relapse into heathenism; but their original station in society could not be regained. The duty of making converts, therefore, among such a people, as it arises from the general duty of benevolence, is less strong than it would be in many other cases; because, situated as we are, it is quite certain we shall expose them to a great deal of misery, and not quite certain that we shall do them any future good. \* \* \*

“Whoever has seen much of Hindoo Christians must have perceived, that the man who bears that name is very commonly nothing more than a drunken reprobate, who conceives himself at liberty to eat and drink any thing he pleases, and annexes hardly any other meaning to the name of Christianity. Such sort of converts swell the list of names, and gratify the puerile pride of a missionary. \* \* \*

“Why are we to send out little detachments of maniaes, the lowest of the people, to spread over these fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinion of the gospel? The wise and rational part of the Christian ministry [the writer of this diatribe of misrepresentation and malignity being one of them] find they have enough to do at home, to combat with passions unfavorable to human happiness, and to make men act up to their professions. But if a tinker is a devout man, he infallibly sets off for the East. Let any man read the Anabaptist Missions. [The papers drawn up by Dr. Carey, and published by Andrew Fuller and his associates, are here alluded to.] Can he do so without deeming such men pernicious and extravagant in their own country, and without feeling that they are benefiting us much more by their absence than the Hindoos by their advice? \* \* \*

“Shortly stated, then, our argument is this: We see not the slightest prospect of success; we see much danger in making the attempt; and we doubt if the conversion of the Hindoos would ever be more than nominal. The instruments employed for these purposes are calculated to bring ridicule and disgrace upon the gospel; and in the discretion of those at home, whom we consider as their patrons, we have not the smallest reliance.”

These are but a specimen of the more decent outpourings of this disguised quarterly, little more than forty years ago. We

will not pollute our pages nor pain your ears with the Billingsgate utterances of a coarser and less delicate character, from the same and kindred sources. Enough may here be seen to indicate the nature of the missionary enterprise, as it was then regarded.

To this maligned object the attention of Judson was turned. He read and pondered Buchanan's *Star in the East*. He felt, as a redeemed sinner should feel, the immensity of his personal obligation to his DIVINE SAVIOUR, who had just plucked him as a brand from the burning. Incidentally, the acknowledgment has been drawn from him, that "one day as I retired to a grove in the rear of the Andover Seminary, for meditation and prayer, and the urgency of this great question was pressing on my soul, *How shall I know the path of my duty?* the Saviour in unwonted and enrapturing loveliness revealed himself. I was willing, yea, ardently desirous to yield myself entirely to His will. With constraining power His words came to my heart anew, *GO TEACH ALL NATIONS.*"

Nor was he disobedient to the heavenly mandate. His devotement appears to have been considerate, prayerful, entire, and final. Neither was it to be expected that one so obviously born to lead would take such a step alone. Other hearts catch the holy fire, (some of them, indeed, having quite independently, and still earlier than his own, been impressed with this great theme,) and on the memorable 10th of June, 1810, a modest but remarkable document, written by his hand, and signed by himself and three associates, gives to their fathers in the churches of Christ the first official offer of themselves on the altar of Missions to the Heathen.

So had God directed, that this overture was addressed to the very body of men, of all others in our land, probably the best fitted at that time, by intelligence, piety, zeal, and influence, to take the initiative in such a work. Nor was it without a divine, benignant purpose, that while these ecclesiastical fathers of

New-England were deliberating, Judson was sent to England to confer with the managers of the London Missionary Society, and on the way was detained some months a prisoner in France.

He at length returns, and with four others is set apart by solemn ordination to such a work as young America had not before attempted. The impulse which this heroic act had given to missionary benevolence, the willing offerings which were cast into its treasury, the prayers breathed forth so warmly and widely for its success, have strengthened his own and his associates' assurance that God's favor was upon it; and the little brig Caravan put forth from Salem harbor on that wintry day, bearing hearts of pious heroism as distinguished as those which one hundred and ninety-two years earlier had thronged the Speedwell, in the roadstead of Delf haven.

Wonderful is that overruling providence of God which in a way so unexpected, by instrumentalities so unlikely, can gather fresh increment of renown to His great name, and spread beneficence so widely among His creatures, from sources to human view the most unpromising. A numerous, extensively diffused Christian community in this country, little distinguished at that day for the general prevalence of education, even in its ministry, without wealth, or the spirit of co-operation, or far-seeing religious enterprise, it was now the good pleasure of our heavenly Father to allure to a participation of the great work of evangelizing the nations; conferring on them incidentally, by this very effort, a richer blessing, even so far as their own augmentation and improvement are concerned, than they could otherwise have realized. To secure this beneficent purpose, how simple and direct the process. The good Spirit of our God, which each day of that eventful voyage Judson was imploring for his guide, breathed into his mind the natural and the fit purpose adequately to prepare himself, by thorough study of his Greek New Testament, to meet and confute the ritual, distinguishing practice of those venerable men of God, the humble Serampore missionaries.

How unforeseen was the result! Thus many a man who goes forth with the spirit of a conqueror, returns vanquished. The power of prejudice, the pride of consistency, the allurements of most endearing associations,—what are they all when weighed against God's truth, by a heart shrinkingly susceptible to the sacredness of its power! Again it must be said of him as of Paul, he conferred not with flesh and blood, but while regarding, as he then declared, the rupture of associations incident to his change of views as the most distressing event which had ever befallen him, he was notwithstanding promptly obedient to the heavenly vision. The evidence which passed before him on this subject may indeed fail to impress other minds equally. Enough for our present object that *to him* it seemed conclusive.\*

Without at all seeking either to magnify or undervalue the points of difference involved in this change, we should not pass from it without remarking that he who does not see in this transition of an humble, unportioned young man from the ranks of one company of Christ's professed followers to another, with its cohering results, something higher, nobler, worthier, and of more far-reaching relevancy to God's cause, than the petty triumph or discomfiture of a narrow-minded sectarian partisan on either side, has yet to open his eyes more widely, if he would take in the divinely-assigned lesson which is here taught of the wisdom and goodness of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will!

Ere Judson reaches India, war between the United States and Great Britain, with its myriad other evils, is throwing new impediments in his pathway. Wonderfully is he enabled to elude the purpose of the royal Governor and the Directors of the East India Company, who seemed bent on sending him back to this

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\* The summary view of his reasons for the change of his views, his practice and his relations, he gave in a discourse on the Mode and Subjects of Baptism, delivered in the Lal Bazar Chapel, Calcutta, 27th September, 1812, published in frequent editions in India, in England, and in this country.

country. The Isle of France becomes a little Zoar to him for a few months. But his eye and his heart were long since turned toward darkened, degraded Burmah. Nor can the forbidding features of the character of her people, the perfidy and intolerance of her rulers, or the perils to himself and his companion which a residence among them involves, the one or all of them combined, deter him from making the experiment. What faith in God did this act evince!

Then for years see his quiet, earnest, persevering devotion to the mastery of a very difficult heathen language. Witness the struggle of attempting to repress the zeal which would have led him away from the faithful pursuit of this high and ultimately indispensable attainment, in order to attempt some impracticable and short-sighted benefit to these poor pagans around him, of a more immediate character.

He struggles on, with infirm health, an enervating climate, with few or inadequate helpers, for four years. He begins to feel some confidence in his mastery of the language. A printer has arrived, and two small tracts which he had carefully prepared have been published. He is busy on the translation and printing of the first of the Evangelists, when his ears and heart are gladdened by the first earnest, spontaneous inquirer for the gospel salvation. What an hour was that when, sitting by his teacher as usual, he says:—

“A Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from, to which he gave no explicit reply, but soon astonished me by asking, ‘How long time will it take to learn the religion of Jesus?’ I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but without God, a man might study all his life long and make no proficiency. But how, continued I, came you to know any thing of Jesus? Have you been here before? ‘No.’ ‘Have you seen my writing concerning Jesus?’ ‘I have seen two little books.’ ‘Who is Jesus?’ ‘He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came



into the world and suffered death in their stead.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a Being without beginning or end,—not subject to old age or death, but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both of which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God,—this is the right way,' etc. I now tried to tell him some things about God, and Christ, and himself; but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book; but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. But he replied, 'Have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done, and, having received an invitation to come again, took his leave."

This first use of a portion of the *translated Scriptures in Burman* may fitly introduce a principal theme of this discourse, namely, **THE LABORS OF MR. JUDSON AS A TRANSLATOR OF THE BIBLE** into the language of an important and interesting nation, supposed to contain, at the time when he commenced this work, a population equal to that of the United States at the same period.

The slightest consideration of this subject will evince the indispensableness of furnishing the Sacred Scriptures to such a people, in their vernacular tongue, by any Protestant enterprise for their evangelization. The Romish Church have always exonerated themselves from any such obligation in regard to those whom they professedly convert to their faith. Not allowing, or certainly not encouraging, the common people to peruse the Scriptures for themselves, it would not be expected of them to furnish translations. Hence, in the various missions established by the Catholics, even among nations advanced in civilization, and possessing ample literary facilities, no effort has been made

by Jesuit, or the more liberal Jansenist missionaries, to translate the inspired records of the Christian faith to be published abroad for the mass of the people. Their breviaries and missals, their liturgies and homilies, have been industriously circulated, showing how much more confidence they have "in the words which man's wisdom teacheth" than in those inspired by the Spirit of God.\*

Protestants, on the contrary, regard the appeal of the whole body of the disciples to the Scriptures as a fundamental principle. It admitted, therefore, neither of doubt nor delay that the Burmans should have the lively oracles which declare to us God's salvation faithfully translated into their own language.

But what are the requisites for such a work? They are obviously two-fold: intellectual and moral. He who would successfully perform this great service for a whole nation, and for successive generations, if not enthusiastically claiming miraculous aid to fit him for it, must gird himself for the high endeavor with no ordinary amount of studious research. He must, as thoroughly as man ever did or can, master the exact meaning of every word and sentence of the Hebrew, Chaldec, and Greek Scriptures. Whatever can throw light on the sacred page, either from ancient or modern investigations, he must familiarly

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\* As exemplifications of this deficiency of Catholic missions, and the disastrous results which have followed, look at the two striking illustrations which have been furnished in India and in China. The Romish mission at Goa was planted as early as the middle of the fourteenth century by Xavier himself, and was long reckoned one of the most flourishing which that Church could boast. But they never gave THE TRUE SHASTER to the common people. They contented themselves with introducing them to a round of semi-heathenish and idolatrous rites and forms, to the worship of images, relics, and reputedly sacred times and places baptized into a Christian name; while both the mind and heart were unfed with the DIVINE WORD from heaven, which giveth life to the soul. Let the miserable results be traced in that now waning and almost extinct mission, which once so greatly flourished.

Similar have been the effects of a like defect at Macao. For nearly one hundred years there was apparent prosperity attending that mission of the Jesuits. But they dared to withhold the Bible from the people; and they had not the enforcing power of royal mandates, (like their reliance in several of the European nations,) and hence no wonder they are rapidly declining, and never have accomplished much good.

understand. The Biblical researches of the noblest minds must be laid open to his view, yea, their results must be incorporated into and made a constituent of his own convictions. What powers of perception, analysis, comparison, and combination does all this process require! so as without confusion or feebleness, neither betrayed by the desire of undue originality, nor blindly led by authority, nor swayed by prejudice, he may tenaciously lay hold of the truth, by whomsoever disclosed, and interweave this with the results of his own mature and thorough investigations.\*

The difficulty of securing these varied attainments will be made more obvious by running the eye over the lists of even distinguished men who in this department have attained but moderate success. It seems to be now generally conceded, even by learned Lutherans themselves, that the great reformers of their school were by no means eminent in the historical and grammatical interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. For Luther, Melancthon, Musculus, or Bugenhagen, it will now be scarcely claimed that by a thorough knowledge of the original languages of the Bible, and of the antiquities, manners, customs, and geography of the ancient world, they adequately sought to give a connected development of the real sense in the mind of the sacred writers, in every instance. Calvin has perhaps done more and better as a Biblical interpreter than any one of the early reformers; nor does there seem just ground for contesting the claim which Tholuck has ably maintained for him, that in his exegetical labors, on the New Testament at least, he evinces considerable doctrinal impartiality, with ingenious tact, various learning, and deep Christian piety. Yet even he betrays an unlovely and indefensible solicitude to bring forward on all occasions, and without occasion, some of the fundamental and favor-

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\* See some admirable common-sense views, from an experienced and able hand, on the difficulty of correct translations, in Dr. George Campbell's Preliminary Dissertations to his Translation of the four Gospels—Diss. X., part 1st.

ite views of his system,—thus lessening our respect for his candor.

Nor were the leaders in the English or Scotch reformations, however distinguished some of them may have been for other excellences, ever greatly renowned for their attainments in Biblical interpretation. In one department, indeed, the English mind has always evinced its superiority, namely, in the power of a logical, common-sense deduction of the true sense, from regard to the scope of the passage under consideration. Now this excellence, when combined with adequate grammatical and historical investigation, in which the Germans have proved themselves so successful, will furnish the perfection of fitness for a translator, so far as this portion of his qualifications are concerned. He must indeed, first and chief of all, be pervaded with pious reverence for God's Word. This will secure the faithful application of whatever intellectual acquisitions are within his reach; will keep the eye, and heart, and hand unwaveringly fixed on the great end to be accomplished. He who is thus imbued with a knowledge of and love for the Sacred Writings has the first indispensable requisite for a translator of them.

Together with this, there should also be found such homogeneousness, such harmony of spirit between the translator and the original text, as will enable him readily to enter into, and sympathize with, the various parts of its composite character. No one, for instance, would expect a mere mathematician to properly translate a fine poem; nor, on the contrary, would the man of predominant imagination, manifesting itself in nice artistic beauty, be any more competent to do justice to a work of scientific details, with all their combinations and evolutions. Now the Bible, more than any other single book, presents us with a comprehensive variety of dissimilar characteristics. Here we find the simple narrative; there the deep philosophy, or the sententious proverb. Now you are soaring on the wing of im-

passioned poetry ; and anon you are led to grapple with a profound argument, or feel the power of the most spirit-stirring eloquence. All this obviously demands, in any one man who should hope adequately to translate this holy book, such a combination of tastes and attainments as are very rarely found in any single individual. Hence the Germans, and the Dutch, and the English combined many laborers on their respective versions, in the hope, no doubt, that the deficiencies of one would be supplied by some of his associates, and so the great work of translation and revision would be rendered as perfect as possible. And yet, in full view of all this difficulty, it does not seem utterly impossible for a man richly endowed, and who by long-continued, earnest study has become measurably assimilated to the varied character of this holy book, to approximate very closely to the ideal of this requisite, which the nature of the case seems absolutely to demand.

Moreover, in case of a missionary to the heathen who undertakes a version of the Scriptures into their language, we shall at once perceive that no small additional difficulty will present itself in his own inadequate knowledge of the tongue into which he is required to translate. This was not experienced by Wickliffe and Tyndale when they translated the Scriptures into English ; or by Luther when he rendered them into German ; or Calvin into French ;—for each of these translated into his mother tongue. But however difficult, it is an indispensable requirement in a translator. He must fully understand the language, and, in order to this, the mental and moral constitution, history, philosophy, and habits of the people into whose tongue he is to make his version of the Sacred Writings. Obviously it is not enough that a tolerably correct knowledge of the mere vocabulary of that tongue be possessed by the translator. To guard his version against liability to the most frequent and glaring misconceptions, he must know not only what senses a word or phrase will allow, under certain contingencies, but what will be its

danger of perversion in the particular case or connection he is now considering. But such knowledge cannot be secured by one who is not very thoroughly conversant with the mental and moral habits of a people, as well as with those forms of expression which are but their manifestation.

The missionary's mastery of a language so utterly unlike either to his own vernacular or the whole family of its cognate tongues, is a work of vastly greater difficulty than those can conceive who have had no experience in such a case to guide them. Mr. Judson, after several years of most earnest and exhausting toil devoted to the acquisition of Burman, said of his success that it did not equal what a three months' study of French had formerly yielded him in the knowledge of that language. Having to begin without elementary books, or even teachers well qualified to render the requisite aid, his was the Herculean task of climbing the steep and lofty acclivity without a ladder,—of feeling out the tortuous paths of the labyrinth without the guiding thread. For be it remembered, no such superficial knowledge of the language as the purposes of ordinary intercourse, for trade, for the gratification of pleasure or curiosity, demand, will in any degree satisfy him who feels adequately impressed with the responsibility of giving to a great nation a correct transcript of God's Word, by which their eternal destiny is to be affected.

For all these reasons, we see the beneficent wisdom of that divine arrangement which makes such a scholar and such a man the instrument of conferring this priceless boon upon the millions of Burmah. Just consider the facilities he has enjoyed for more than one third of a century, in mingling freely with all classes of the people, from the palaces of their princes to the dungeons of their prisoners; in their dwellings, their market-places, their secular and sacred assemblies, no less than by the diligent perusal, yea, the earnest and persevering study and collation of their not meagre manuscripts, their books of palm-leaf, and

whatever form of transient or more permanent record their literature has assumed.

Most of his long missionary life Dr. Judson has been enabled to be an indefatigable student. He has given some seven or eight hours a day to faithful, earnest study, and learned so to regulate his diet, his exercise, and the alternations of his employment, as to secure to himself the utmost possible amount of mental vigor.\* The result of all this has been a very wonderful and most perfect mastery of the difficult Burman language. Years ago, when his knowledge of it was of course far less exact and comprehensive than it has since become, the brother of the present King of Burmah admitted to the Rev. Dr. Malcom that no man in the empire so well understood their language in all its capabilities as our missionary. How unlike in this respect was his fitness for the work of a translator to that of those who are obliged to rely chiefly on the help of their pundits, or professedly learned natives, whose real knowledge of either English or their own tongue has so frequently proved to be wretchedly inadequate. "A translator must be able readily to think in the language into which his version is to be made," was Judson's own testimony. His exhortation to junior missionaries, who seemed to have a talent for philology, often was, "Read the palm-leaf—read the palm-leaf." [The native books are generally written on prepared palm-leaves.]

Nor were Dr. Judson's Biblical attainments less eminent. Having early formed the habit of great exactness and thorough-

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\* Rev. Dr. Malcom says: "His care of his health was remarkable. It was a sacred and conscientious thing with him; not for the sake of comfort, for he constantly sacrificed comfort and love of ease for the sake of health. It was the *unity of object* so conspicuous in him. He wanted to husband all his powers and keep them in order. No man ever feared death less than he. It was his sovereign remedy for sorrow to think of death. But he *valued* life, and he used it as a steward. He never exposed himself to the sun, or to the night air. He would not cross his yard at mid-day without a great umbrella. I often sat with him in the evening, shut up closely by mats at the windows, enduring the discomfort sooner than risk the unwholesome but pleasant breeze."

ness in his investigation of the meaning of divine revelation, and having a passionate fondness for studies of this character, he availed himself of the helps which the best exegetical writers, English and American, but especially those of Germany, have furnished. Undazzled by their lofty pretensions, and unseduced by their daring innovations, he yet employed their aid to the utmost, wherever it could avail either in fixing the sacred text of Scripture, or in ascertaining its meaning.\* In this respect it is doubtful whether his superior, if indeed his equal, is to be found in the whole compass of missionary translators of God's Word. Some of the eminent Biblical scholars in our country were surprised, in their personal intercourse with him, to find that he had fully kept up with the rapid progress of that important department of sacred science, for the last thirty or forty years.

Nor were his varied endowments and attainments less strikingly adapted to fit him for success in all parts and aspects of this great endeavor. A few of these can barely be mentioned here without any amplification. While yet a recent graduate from the University, and employed as an instructor of youth in one of the academies of his native State, he prepared and published a grammar of the English language. Who can tell how much the preparation of this his earliest offering to the press served to turn his attention to the forms and relations of words, in which department he afterward was to act so distinguished a part? His style of writing in English may well be reckoned a model of clearness, terseness, vigor; the very qualities most needful in his great enterprise. He had just little enough experience of religious polemics, to sharpen without souring his spirit. The few of his poetical contributions which have been allowed to see the light, prove conclusively how much of the spirit of the sacred bards of the Bible glowed in his soul, fitting him admirably to enter into their conceptions. He was indeed very re-

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\* The liberality with which the Mission Board furnished to his order all the best works in this department, without regard to expense, is worthy of all commendation.



markable for devotional feeling. Intensely was he imbued with the spirituality of the pietists of the school of Fénelon. Many of them, without Judson's logical and mathematical mind, went to excess. He never did. Symmetry of mental constitution and of attainment was one of his noticeable characteristics; but his devotional eminence was still prominent, and admirably fitted him to catch the true spirit of a thousand passages, to which otherwise he could not have done justice.

What John Foster somewhere denominates the intense severity of conviction that he had one thing to do, impelled him to give himself to this work of translation with such concentration of his mental and moral forces, as scarcely admitted respite. It will excite no wonder that one thus convinced of his obligation would feel constrained, by diligent and prayerful study, to make himself as thoroughly acquainted as possible with the meaning of the inspired originals of the Holy Scriptures; and then to give that meaning with the utmost possible exactness and clearness, in the translation which he prepared. No possibility of compromise would in such a case be deemed admissible; for the mandate resting on him from the Divine Author of this Book was, "He that bath my word, let him speak [declare] my word faithfully."

There is an obvious distinction in this respect between the obligation of a translator of Scripture, and an author who prepares any moral or religious treatise *of his own* for publication. In the latter case it may be allowable and even praiseworthy in frequent instances, to prepare a tract or other document, which the writer may desire to have approved and sustained by those entertaining on some subjects diverse, or even opposing views.\* He would be at liberty to select such a subject for his *union*

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\* Dr. Judson showed most convincingly his willingness to co-operate in such union endeavors. Of forty or fifty tracts and small volumes, published by the American Tract Society in the Burman language, more than one half are believed to have been prepared by him.

*treatise* as would not involve these controverted points; or so to guard his statements as would render them unobjectionable. But no such discretionary power is vested in a Bible translator. Sitting down to this work, he takes on him an infinite obligation to set forth unequivocally the meaning of the words which the Holy Spirit employed in communicating the will of God to the human family. This has been the conviction of all the best and worthiest translators of the Scriptures into the languages of the heathen. It was therefore no new thing which Judson did, or at least no new principle, no innovating and unwarranted experiment on which he acted, in giving to the best of his ability the unveiled meaning of all God's Word to the Burmans in their own tongue. If mightier appliances were brought to bear on him than on most other translators, to induce him to compromise a little, he honored his allegiance to a Divine Master, by steadily resisting them.\*

Look now at this noble man of God, girding himself for this great labor of his life. Not wealth or fame are the impelling conviction, but a far stronger and more sacred urgency, that he must give all the revelation of God to those who have long been sitting in the region and shadow of death. Weeks and months, and even years of this sequestered toil are his, often uncheered by any sympathizing companion, until, seventeen years after he had handed those half-sheets, containing five chapters of his earliest effort at translating the Gospel of Matthew, to that Burman inquirer above noticed, at the end of the first month of the year, late at night, he bows down by the side of this little table,† on which his translation had been elaborated, and taking in his hand the last sheet of the COMPLETED BIBLE, the ink scarcely

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\* To sustain him and other translators in similar circumstances, it became requisite—after the American Bible Society refused them farther aid—to originate the American and Foreign Bible Society, on whose operations, especially in foreign lands, the blessing of God has been so largely bestowed.

† Which was standing in the pulpit when the discourse was delivered.

dry upon it, he lifted up his soul in thankfulness to God, who had enabled him to fulfil the great purpose of his life, in finishing a work so important to the millions of the Burmese. What a spectacle was that! The humble missionary praying for Divine forgiveness of every fault and imperfection cleaving to his work; and then imploring God's blessing on His own Word, thus rendered intelligible to those who hitherto had worshipped dumb idols, instead of their Creator—Preserver—Redeemer!

If there be moral sublimity in the emotions awakened by the composition of any work of mere human toil, genius, and perseverance, like Gibbon's great History, the completion of which he seems to have regarded, not unnaturally, with peculiar and deep emotion, how much more worthy of such intense and devout fervor the completion of this work, which for ages will probably remain the authoritative guide-book of God himself for a whole nation!

Who can fully estimate the extensive, powerful, and salutary influence of one volume, like the Bible, to be read with reverence, and quoted with frequency by a whole people; by the youth in their schools, by all classes in their families; by the man of taste for its refining and elevating effects; by the logician as an exercise of keenest dialectics; by the poet, the orator, the historian, as furnishing models for them all; but especially by men, women, and children, when their souls are most melted and impressible, in all the varied experiences of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, through the whole pilgrimage of life!

Nor did our beloved missionary regard this work as complete when he had finished the first revision of his laboriously prepared translation. Again and again does he pass over the whole, in critical, earnest review. Of the third of those revisions alone, he declared that not less, but frequently much more time and care had been expended on it than on the original version. Thus did he proceed, even to the end of his useful life, gathering from every accessible source, from the experience and observation of

his missionary brethren, from the remarks of heathen converts, and even from objectors, whatever might serve to give clearer expression to the Divine will, or more perfectly guard against all possible misconception. He seems to have acted on the conviction, that so long as any thing remained to give greater perfection, finish, and unmistakable intelligibility to this version, it was his duty to labor on it for the attainment of these high ends.\*

Nor was it an obscure indication of the Divine purpose concerning his labors of this description, that Providence directed his employment for the later years of his life in the important sphere of lexicography, which, more than any other, would so admirably serve to fit him for the finishing work of his translation and revision of the Scriptures. Of these labors for giving as complete and full a dictionary as possible, both English-Burman and Burman-English, it is understood that the former, as the more immediately important to every missionary, is completed; and the latter was so far advanced at the time of his death, that his accurate, laborious assistant, the Rev. Mr. Stevens, will find no difficulty in completing it, on the model, and according to the views of its distinguished projector. Thus were the great ends of that long, eventful, toilsome life, the objects for which, once and again, he had expressed a desire and a hope to be a little longer spared, at length measurably consummated.

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\* The importance of the utmost pains-taking to render the Burman version of the Scriptures as perfect as possible, will be more obvious when it is considered that it will be not only a kind of model and standard for the versions which may be soon required in surrounding nations, but also, it will greatly facilitate the work of translators into the languages of the Peguans, Shyans, Sinkphoos, and numerous other tribes, whose tongues seem to indicate a close affinity with the Burman. The aid which Mason has derived from it, in the version of the Bible into the Karen language, just now completed, he has often and gratefully acknowledged.

Dr. Malcom says: "In no part of my trip did I find missionaries expressing themselves in terms of satisfaction with their respective versions of the Sacred Scriptures, but in Burmah. Dr. Judson always held himself open to the observations of his fellow-missionaries, and by that means secured a vast amount of admirable criticism from such men as Wade, Jones, Mason, and others."

We should, however, be doing great injustice to the memory and the labors of this honored servant of Christ, were we so to exhibit his surpassing qualifications and persevering toils as a translator of the Bible, as to cast into entire shade his services as a devoted missionary of the Cross; a laborious, successful preacher of the gospel; a guide and helper unequalled to the native evangelists, and the affectionate, revered pastor of a loving flock of converts from heathenism. A glance at him, in each of these departments, must suffice the present purpose.\*

Nearly three years before he had completed the translation of the whole Bible, he felt impelled, by a kind of sacred afflatus of the Holy Spirit, to take his life in his hand and go to Prome, one of the ancient and reputedly sacred seats of Boodhism, and for many weeks continuously devote himself to evangelical labors beneath the towering pagoda of the celebrated god, Shway Lan dau. Part of his own graphic description is in these words:—

“There is no portion of my missionary life that I review with less dissatisfaction than my sojourn in Prome. This city was founded several hundred years before the Christian era. Through how many ages have the successive generations of its dark inhabitants lived and died without the slightest knowledge of the great Eternal, and the only way of salvation which He has provided! At length, in the year 1830, it was ordered that a missionary of the Cross should sit down in the heart of the city, and from day to day, for above three months, should pour forth divine truth in language which, if not eloquent and acceptable, was at least intelligible to all ranks. What a wonderful phenomenon must this have been to celestial beings who gaze upon the works and dispensations of God in this lower world!

“It was necessary, to the accomplishment of the Divine purposes, that after so many centuries of darkness, there should be just

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\* Other features of excellence are passed by with regret. The versatility of his powers was eminently noticeable. That one who had so buried himself in his devotion to Burman studies should still be able, in a moment, to mingle with the court circles of Sir Archibald Campbell's embassy, and by his exact and various knowledge of all the intricacies of diplomacy should win such admiration and confidence from these fastidious men, how strikingly does it illustrate the rich variety of God's endowment of this His servant!

such an exhibition of light as has been made. Thousands have heard of God, who never, nor their ancestors, heard before. Frequently in passing through the streets, and in taking my seat in the zayats, I have felt such a solemnity and awe on my spirits, as almost prevented me from opening my lips, to communicate the momentous message with which I was charged. How the preacher has preached, and how the hearers have heard, the day of judgment will show. Blessed be God, there are some whose faces I expect to see at the right hand of the great Judge. Many also there are, who have become so far enlightened, that I am sure they never can bow the knee to Shway Lan dau, without a distressing conviction that they are in the wrong way. Farewell to thee, Prome! Willingly would I have spent my last breath in thee and for thee. But thy sons ask me not to stay, and I must preach the gospel to other cities also, for therefore am I sent. Read the five hundred tracts that I have left with thee. Pray to the God and Saviour that I have told thee of. And if hereafter thou call me, though in the lowest whisper, and it reach me in the very extremities of the empire, I will joyfully listen and come back to thee."

With what intenseness and exclusiveness of devotement to the great work of preaching the gospel to the heathen he was imbued from the very outset, we may learn from his own words, when he was about to revisit his native country. He is explaining why he should not be expected or solicited to perform the usual work, too largely demanded, often, of returned missionaries:—

"The course that I have uniformly pursued, ever since I became a missionary, has been rather peculiar. In order to become an acceptable, successful preacher in a foreign language, I deliberately abjured my own. When I crossed the river, I burnt my ships. For thirty-two years I have scarcely entered an English pulpit, or made a speech in that language. Whether I have pursued the wisest course, I will not contend; and how far I have attained the object aimed at, I must leave others to say. But whether right or wrong, the course I have taken cannot be retraced. The burnt ships cannot now be re-constructed. From long desuetude, I can scarcely put three sentences together in the [spoken] English language."

How assiduous and successful were his endeavors to make himself as useful as possible to the whole body of native assist-

ants, in their labors to disseminate the gospel, to guide inquirers, to grapple with the difficulties thrown in their way, both by subtle and by haughty objectors, all who have witnessed his daily, systematic intercourse with them in Maulmain, have united in attesting.

Immediately after breakfast, each week-day morning, this company of assistants, sometimes larger and sometimes smaller, but averaging in that city alone some six or eight, were expected to meet Dr. Judson in his study; and to them the first hour of the best part of the day was uniformly given. They were each encouraged to give a brief recapitulation of their preceding day's labors; what they had taught, and with what effect in each instance; how they had been opposed, and in what manner, both in spirit and form, they had met these opposers. None can reasonably doubt the immense value of those theological lectures, familiar and simple in form, but underlying the whole structure of the system of evangelism, which were thus incidentally drawn from him. So practically useful and interesting were they deemed, that many of the other residents and visitors in the city would greatly have coveted to share their hearing with these humble disciples, had not the freedom of the latter, in their unrestrained communications with their beloved teacher, made such admissions impracticable.

One more view let us take of this God-sustained man. For this purpose we will enter the unostentatious church edifice, where the Burman assembly that called him pastor were wont to assemble. The zayat stands some twenty yards from his dwelling, and within the same inclosure. As we approach the steps, a hundred pairs of sandals are observed lying around. We see, on entering, a well-dressed assembly, seated on the clean, matted floor, leaning their backs against a rail, raised about a foot. No pulpit, no galleries are there, but at the farther end of the aisle stand a few settees for the missionaries and their families, on either side of a plain arm-chair. There sits

Judson. Profound respect is depicted on every face. He offers prayer. The missionaries kneel, the natives bow forward with their faces to the floor. God hears ardent petitions in a language so lately used only for His dishonor, and the degradation of our race. From that Burman Bible is impressively read a portion of God's Word, and more recently His praises have been acceptably sung, by nearly the whole body of the disciples. Judson then discourses of divine things. You perceive that, like the Saviour, "he sits and teaches the people." This habit, first resorted to from physical weakness, was continued by the desire of the native disciples, as it conduced to their greater familiarity, and enabled them with more freedom to ask for additional explanations, when requisite. During this part of the service, he looks like a father sitting in the loved family circle, their eyes all beaming on him, with the reposing confidence which indicates the tender endearment of their relation to him. No wonder that these disciples, when his days were evidently terminating, gathered around the boat that was to bear him away from them, and with eloquent tears besought that he might be carried back to die in their midst, that they and their children might often visit his grave!

It cannot be needful to detain you, at the end of this meagre sketch of a life of toils, enterprises, sufferings, achievements, such as rarely are allotted to any one of our race, formally to point the moral which this great lesson so impressively teaches. We must be blind, deaf, and to all spiritual impressions dead also, if such an example does not in various ways and to a high degree profit us. The various interesting positions in which he has been placed, particularly when for nearly twenty months a prisoner, often in fearful peril of immediate death, subjected to such tortures and indignities as in the distant remembrance are almost insupportably harrowing to the sensibilities, wearing sometimes five pairs of fetters at once, mocked, threatened, and brutally maltreated,—was it not allowed, in part at least, to give



him and the cause with which he was identified a stronger hold upon our worthiest affections?

Those appeals which from time to time he sent us, whether addressed to Christian mothers,\* as to the training of their daughters, so that in dress, in ornaments, and in all their deportment, the heathen might learn no evil from them; or to all classes among us,† to take hold of and prosecute the great work of evangelizing the heathen in such a way as will meet our Saviour's approval,—can they die away and be forgotten?

The self-renouncing humility he evinced, when for a few months he moved among us, admired, beloved, revered by all,—yet so much the more as the thronging multitudes honored him, was he ever seen abasing himself at his Saviour's footstool. The eminence of his attainments in spiritual religion, have been adverted to as fitting him for his work. The grace of God was magnified in his experience of its transforming power no less, to fit him meekly to wear the honors he had won.‡ This grace made even the less estimable features of his character—certain natural peculiarities which he was wont to deplore—available to a good purpose. As the ship-builder selects for his rudder-post, and the massive knees of his floating fabric, where most exposed to severe pressure, not the free, the straight-grained and easily-wrought timber, but what to our eye seems gnarled and untractable, yet by his wise appliances is rendered more useful on account of its crooked and knotty rigidity; so has the *Great Artificer*, in rearing His spiritual temple, made tributary to His praise many of the proud sons of earth, and even their native

\* See Tract No. 172, of the Baptist Publication Society.

† See Appendix No. I.

‡ Judson never boasted, or even willingly recounted his adventures. One that had been an inmate of his family in Maulmain more than a month, and in habits of freest, daily intercourse with him, says: "He never spoke of his sufferings in prison or anywhere else, except to depreciate them, as being vastly less worthy of regard than was generally supposed."

waywardness has yielded an important subserviency to His high ends. What God wrought by Martin Luther, Andrew Fuller, and our indomitable Judson, no timid, time-serving, pliable Erasmuses would have been at all fitted, even as instruments, to promote. The manner in which God's overruling providence and grace made even the less estimable features of his character available to a good purpose;—his pertinacious adherence to the way which he thought right and best; the keenness with which he looked through disguises, and detected weakness and obliquities of which the possessors were scarcely conscious; that rapidity of perception and mental combination which gave him the full mastery of a subject, and led him to what might seem a rash as well as obstinate decision; the full consciousness of superior ability and discernment, with the ill-concealed endeavor to hide his own mastery, where jealousy was in danger of being awakened by it;—all this, and much more of a similar kind, can find no place for illustration here. When these things are forgotten, his many sterling excellences, the warmth and purity of his social affections, and the unblemished integrity on which all who knew him invariably relied, will shine forth unclouded.

The limits of this discourse have confined attention chiefly to those views of this sainted brother, which exhibit his peculiarities, either of endowment, or position, or achievement. What he was as a son and brother, but more especially as a husband and a father, has been alike conspicuously manifest to those relatives who have passed to their rest, and to others who still smartingly feel their bereavement in his removal. It would have been both a grateful and appropriate portion of this tribute to transcendent worth, to have combined some distinct memorial of God's good providence, in giving to him SUCH CONJUGAL COMPANIONS! Widely will their holy and lofty virtue, and their feminine sweetness, diffuse its attractive fragrance! It is only german to the present exclusive and narrow purpose to

say, that Dr. Judson fully and devoutly appreciated, as well as greatly profited by their excellences.

The prominent purpose of this commemoration has only been to glorify God in His servant. Nor was this design less noticeable in the termination of his earthly career, than in any of its antecedent scenes. It evinced conspicuously how much of severe discipline is requisite, even for some of God's most distinguished servants, to bring them to entire cordial submission to the DIVINE WILL; and it also served to withdraw undue regard from the mere instrument, that God may be all in all! He had not *then* expected to be called away. To him, less than to those around him, was there any distinct revelation of his nearness to death. When the almost desperate peril of his position was suddenly disclosed to him, by an alarming turn in his disease,\* he caught at the intimation of possible relief from a sea-voyage. The impatience of his spirit was now sorely tried by the announcement that some two weeks would elapse before any suitable vessel could sail from the port. How natural that his love of life, for its important uses, should lead him to turn his face to the wall and weep. Soon, however, he regained his wonted composure, and from a chastened spirit comes forth the cheerful utterance, "God's will be done! It will be all right!"

Those intervening days—how rapidly do they waste his little remaining strength, on the recuperative energy of which so much is now depending. The hour of sailing at length arrives. To others the case seems desperate, the proposed remedy futile. They would dissuade, if not forbid its trial. But the decision of the dying man was never firmer: "Carry me on board." Too well you know the rest: how, in six days from land, almost in sight of the receding mountains of Burmah, they laid down that worn-out frame to rest, till the sea shall give up its dead!

We would not forget that it was only the frame, decayed and

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\* See Appendix No. 2.

unfit either for use or enjoyment, which the ocean welcomed, Judson is not there ; but long ere we heard of his decease, his spirit realized what Paul meant in his glorious testimony, that to depart and be with Christ is far better. With some hundreds of converted Burmans, who had died in faith and gone up on high, he has been welcomed by the Saviour whom he loved, the Master whom he served so well !

## APPENDIX NO. I.

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COMMUNICATIONS from Dr. Judson under various dates show the intense interest of his powerful mind in this great work. It would seem that no Christian—viewing him, escaped from the gloom and damps of the dungeon, having buried the beloved companion of his bosom, and consecrated his whole property, amounting to \$10,000, received by legacy and for services rendered at the close of the Burmese war, to the missionary cause—can hear his pungent and soul-stirring reproofs of our inactivity and delay, without being instantly aroused to the noblest action.

To the Rev. James Grow, of Thompson, Conn., who had expressed his interest in the Burman Mission, and remitted a donation, Dr. Judson thus writes, under date of *Rangoon, March 4th, 1831*:—

“I can spare time to write a few lines only, having a constant press of missionary work on hand: add to which, that the weather is dreadfully oppressive at this season. Poor Boardman has just died under it, and Mrs. Wade is nearly dead. Brother Wade and I are now the only men in the mission that can speak and write the language, and we have a population of above ten millions of perishing souls before us. I am persuaded that the only reason why all the dear friends of Jesus in America do not come forward in support of missions, is mere want of information, (such information as they would obtain by taking any of the periodical publications.) If they could only see and know half what I do, they would give all their property, and their persons too.

“The great annual festival is just past, during which multitudes come from the remotest parts of the country to worship at the great Shway Dagong Pagoda in this place, where it is believed that several real hairs of Gaudama are enshrined. During this festival I have given away nearly 10,000 tracts, *giving to none but those who ask*. I presume there have been six thousand applicants at the house! Some come two or three months' journey, from the borders of Siam and China: ‘Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.’ Others come from the frontiers of Cassay, a hundred miles north of Ava: ‘Sir, we have seen a writing that tells us about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know

the truth before we die.' Others come from the interior of the country, where the name of Jesus Christ is a little known: 'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.' Brother Bennett works day and night at the press; but he is unable to supply us; for the call is great at Maulmain and Tavoy, as well as here, and his types are very poor, and he has no efficient help. The fact is, that we are very weak, and have to complain that hitherto we have not been well supported from home. It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking, one after another, into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home are just as hard and immovable as rocks; just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the polar seas. But whatever they do, we cannot sit still and see the dear Burmans, flesh and blood like ourselves, and like ourselves possessed of immortal souls, that will shine for ever in heaven or burn for ever in hell—we cannot see them go down to perdition without doing our very utmost to save them. And thanks be to God, our labors are not in vain. We have three lovely churches, and about two hundred baptized converts, and some are in glory. A spirit of religious inquiry is extensively spreading throughout the country, and the signs of the times indicate that the great renovation of Burmah is drawing near. Oh, if we had about twenty more, versed in the language, and means to spread schools, and tracts, and Bibles, to any extent, how happy I should be! But those rocks and those icy mountains have crushed us down for many years. However, I must not leave my work to write letters. It is seldom that I write a letter home, except my journal, and that I am obliged to do."

## APPENDIX NO. II.

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[*Extract of a letter to the author from Mr. T. S. Ranney, while still on board the vessel from which Dr. Judson's remains had been buried.*]

At sea, June 2, 1850; lat. 21° S., long. 56° E.

MY DEAR BROTHER BABCOCK:—I do not know that I can better employ this my ninth Sabbath at sea, than by penning a few words for your perusal. The death of our lamented brother Judson, the particulars of which you will meet with in the Magazine, will fully explain to you why I am at sea; and I will only here say, that I left home on the 3d of April, the sole companion of Dr. Judson, in a French ship, bound to the Isle of France, and that on the 12th of the same month it became my mournful duty to see committed to the deep his mortal remains.

It has not been my lot during my life to witness many deaths—never, I believe, more than three or four; and this was the first death of a Christian that I ever beheld.

It has made a deep, and I hope a salutary impression. It has taught me that my faith is too inoperative. I never saw the day that I did not contemplate death as an unwelcome visitor; that I did not fear its approach, and, with a kind of boastfulness of present health and fair prospects of life, banish death away down into the years of futurity. An old writer of the sixteenth century (Sir Thomas Browne) says, "For a Pagan, there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape the dilemma that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come." I confess to this dilemma, at least in part, if not wholly. Though I am not *without hope* of the life to come, yet there is too much of infidelity in the ingredients of that hope; be the metal what it may, there is too much alloy in it. Not that I *disbelieve*, and perhaps not *misbelieve*, but that the anchor Hope, instead of being held by a strong chain, seems to have but a small cord. The chain and the anchor, however, are of no use during the voyage, but all-important on arriving at the port; then the strength of the chain is tested. The thing is to *know* that the cable and the anchor are in their place, when the order "Let go!" is given. In this I have some encouragement. It may be that my anchor-chain will be found secure, and that, in the language of the same writer, "the first day of my jubilee will be death." May it not be, however, that those who speak so confidently of their future bliss, and readiness to embrace death, sometimes mistake the truth? The expression of an opinion is quite a different thing from the experience of a truth; and happy is that writer or preacher who can always stand firm and unshaken on that foundation which he urges his reader or hearer to build upon! Like the physician, he is confident his prescription is a certain

remedy for others, but, himself being the patient, his confidence is sometimes shaken. In death, man is not a relative being. He is isolated from all mankind. He must die for himself, and die but once: and so happy or dreadful are the consequences dependent upon the issue, that I am sure nothing short of the Great Comforter can carry the soul up to the trial without blenching.

Brother Judson had reached a climacteric in his life—the ninth multiple of seven, a critical period—and was but fourteen years older than I am. He began to be considered an old man. This is startling to me. It tells me I am far past the meridian, and a long way on the down-hill of life, and that the burden of life's cares hereafter must be so much thrown off as may enable me to make the remainder of life's journey with an eye constantly fixed on heaven.

Some six months ago, Dr. Judson and I were conversing about an application which had been made for rebuilding each of our dwellings, which are contiguous, his because of the alleged unhealthfulness of its position and construction, and mine because of its decay. I recollect of saying, that I was almost sorry that the application had been made, for that in almost every case, when a missionary had got all things around him to his liking, something had occurred to mar or take away his anticipated enjoyments. "I have thought of that," brother Judson replied, "and it has deterred me from saying much about a new house. It is on this account that I have left the matter in the hands of the brethren, to do as they think best about it."

Brother Judson, up to within three or four days of his death, thought he should recover. I do not think he had been willing to die. We all thought his case critical long before he did, and urged a sea-voyage, but he preferred to wait, saying he would go when he thought there was danger. There was a sudden change for the worse in his case, which alarmed him, when he sent for me, and wanted to go to sea immediately. In anticipation of this, I had kept myself advised of the vessels in port, and on telling him that no ship would leave in less than nine days, he turned away his face and wept; but presently replied, "The Lord's will be done; it will be all right." His own belief that he should recover was so strong, that I suspect Mrs. Judson felt something of a like confidence; and the message which I sent to her by the pilot when he left us will strengthen her in the belief. Alas! poor woman, she has got to learn the truth, that in one short week after she saw him last, he was a corpse.

But at length his language changed, and death was longed for as a friend and deliverer. I do not know that he had any fear of death at any period of his sickness; but he felt that his work was not done, and he hoped that he might be spared. The time at length came when he resigned all. He was a great sufferer. He had an agony of pain, and he felt that his pain was brought upon him to make him willing to die. He became not only willing, but anxious, and his death was serene and tranquil.